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New Republic

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- **SHOULD WE ARM EUROPE?**

AN EDITORIAL

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MODERN CAPITALISM AND THE *New Republic*

A Statement of Policy

SOME AMERICANS defend the label of capitalism.

Others defend the label of socialism.

But the genius of America is that we do not live by labels. We place values before institutions. We rely on performance rather than doctrine. We develop our economy according to our needs.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor*

The American way of life, as we see it, is not capitalism. It is democracy: a determination that this country shall be run for the welfare of its citizens. If private industry can best produce automobiles, then we turn to industry. If government can best develop our power resources, then we turn to government. We are more than capitalist today. And we will be less than socialist tomorrow.

Our weakness is our instability. Industrialists know as well as anyone that we are not foolproof against another major depression. They know that another depression would be a disaster for Americans and all free peoples.

Another weakness is the inability of our economy to meet basic human needs.

Modern man needs a home for his family at a rent he can afford. He needs proper social security and medical care. Private enterprise cannot always make a sure profit out of these needs. And so it fails to meet them. They must be met.

A further weakness is the concentration of economic power in private hands. Our democracy is threatened when one firm, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, has a greater income than 19 states. Our economy is threatened when a handful of steel companies can decide whether we shall have enough steel to meet our needs, to rearm America, to help Europe recover, and to keep our workers employed, particularly since the decisions of private industry are often wrong.

In wartime, industry refused to build enough capacity to win the war, and government had to step in. After the war, industry gambled that prices would fall if controls were lifted—it was wrong again. What President Truman calls "the selfish interests" gambled last year on tax reduction while the country was still able to pay—wrong again.

Today we have sworn to abolish depression in America. We have recognized that every man has the right to work at a fair return, not just in times of prosperity but always, as long as he wants to go on working.

Private enterprise cannot guarantee that right. Hoover tried that and Americans have not forgotten it.

But American democracy, which includes private enterprise, can provide jobs for all.

This is no new concept. It is the purpose of the Employment Act, passed two years ago. President Truman is now determined to carry out the Act to guarantee lasting prosperity even though it means an unbalanced budget.

He has declared that each year our goals of production and employment will be determined and achieved with the aid of government action.

It's not the capitalism of the past. It's not socialism. It's a coöperative, state-aided capitalism dedicated to human welfare.

To us it's exciting. We think it works.

If you have a mind to watch it take shape through the eyes of America's foremost liberal writers and thinkers, read every issue of the *New Republic*.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE STRANGER in the Washington street car looks up in disbelief. Yes—music. There are radio speakers, tuned to a local station, installed in the metal ceiling. We go up Pennsylvania Avenue to Beethoven, turn into 14th Street to a waltz. Now a minute's news summary of catastrophes in China followed by a plug for a laxative. News, music, advertisements, the conductor saying "fares, please," August heat reflected through doubled windows off shimmering macadam, passengers looking at each other wearily. The automatic era. It's AD 1948. Big brother is watching you.

Oddly enough some citizens don't like street-car music. What right has a utility to throw verbal advertisements at you, they demand? But most people have an apathetic feeling; isn't this just an instance of the old Washington pattern? After all, look at Congress: consider the ride the Marshall Plan has been getting through the Senate. Bumps, jerks, false starts. Strains of idealistic music interrupted by McCarran's plugs for Franco Spain and McClellan's proposed subsidies for surplus crops. Red lights, traffic snarls and a maximum of noise and annoyance before journey's end. Well, that's Washington's way of doing things. The hard way.

It took the State Department 1,054 pages in a White Paper to tell why American policy went wrong in China but we can tell it quicker. It was because good intentions and $3.5 billion aren't enough if you don't have an ideal. The story is a God-given lesson for American foreign-policy experts elsewhere. Take note of it please, Acheson and Truman and Connally and Vandenberg and all the rest. Make a note of it on your hearts, for it is your and our salvation to remember it: All America's wealth and guns and streamlined Buicks can't prop up a conservative government the people distrust and hate.

The nice thing about the Republicans is you can always count on them. Reliability is the word. Here's Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, advocate of a balanced budget and a sound economy and ranking GOP member on the Appropriations Committee. To show what a substantial fellow he is, it's disclosed he's getting $35,000 a year as neutral trustee of Lewis' coal-miners welfare fund. The revelation of the payment made in committee last week was a shock to some people.

But why? Bridges is just balancing his own economy first; the nation's second. He's not up for reëlection till 1955 when his association wtih John L. may make return to the Senate difficult. Why should he care? Five times you-know-what is $175,000.

We also like the GOP's selection of Gabrielson as national chairman, even if only by a five-vote margin. No compromise with radicalism there. Gabrielson is a staunch Taft man, said to have an annual income of $200,000.

Bob Taft and his wife Martha start their momentous Ohio campaign soon. In their Chevrolet they will make a folksy three months' trip. Taft is a symbol, a solid symbol; the very antithesis of the chief direction of our times. The world is moving toward internationalism, Taft fights the Atlantic treaty and military aid; the world is moving toward greater state responsibility for the individual, Taft fights that too, with the same passion. If Taft wins his Ohio battle, who is more likely to be the Republican standard-bearer in 1952 than solid, substantial, backward-looking Taft?

Business periodicals are watching the "monopoly" investigation by Representative Celler (D, N. Y.) like

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hawks while the rest of the press ignores it. Preliminary hearings are over and the real show starts in October. It seems comical at first to think that a committee with only a $27,000 appropriation can get anywhere. But Wall Street writers are right. They know Celler and also know that Truman has issued orders to every appropriate executive agency in Washington to shoot the works. "I don't want anything or anybody to deter you from your purpose," Truman told Celler at a White House conference.

Here is a subject Truman can understand. He has the small-town shopkeeper's hatred for Monopoly; also he himself headed a successful Senate investigation of it. Celler is a powerful, experienced figure out to plug the anti-trust law loopholes through which the monopolists have been driving horses and wagons for a quarter century. A lot of people think he's going to do it.

Notes. Bernard Baruch was one of the first to congratulate Harry Byrd on the victory of his political machine last week in Virginia. . . . Congress seems no nearer the end of its work than ever; prospect is for an end-of-the-month recess followed by a special session in November. . . . Outdated Congressional machinery just can't keep up with the work load of modern times.

The big crisis with Britain comes with the Cripps-Bevin Washington visit the first week of September. . . . America is sending billions abroad to make Europe self-supporting, then taxing it off again with high tariffs at our borders. Tariffs on British autos, woolens and chinaware are, respectively, 10, 25 and 35 percent. . . . Tito is getting bolder in nose-thumbing Stalin, the kind of situation from which spring world wars. . . . The Supreme Court, 6-to-2 on June 23, 1947, ruled that the government in Washington, not the states, has "paramount rights" over tideland oil; still the fight goes on in Congress to turn the possession of all the people over to a few for private exploitation.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

At this Late Hour

SIR: The *NR* editorial call (July 25 issue) for support of labor in its conflict with steel left me unaffected. It's because I sympathize with labor as a whole that I cannot agree with the editorial view on this controversial issue. There's a much larger issue involved here.

I am against the fourth round of wage increases because I was intensely against the first round. Labor's cause, it seems to me, is not confined only to AFL-CIO membership; it embraces also unorganized unskilled labor, white collar, social, professional, small business workers, productive and unproductive low and middle-income groups that comprise the larger bulk of our population. The economic character of the postwar period suddenly transformed the latter group from an army of irregulars into a component part of the labor camp.

Any strategy in the battle for improving labor's social and economic position should have taken into consideration the possible exposure to danger of that weak labor sector. Even a lay observer could, at that critical juncture of postwar acute shortages and great demands, foresee the first round's chain reaction, the forged links of a vicious inflationary monster that would eat deeply into the low incomes of that inarticulate unorganized group. . . .

A labor leadership capable of seeing things beyond the bulwark of trade unionism, possessing a sense of responsibility for those at the outer rim of the closed preserve, would have first exhausted all other means before embarking on that fatal "first round" step that played so profitably into the hands of a few. Had labor leaders, for instance, taken a more militant stand against decontrol (William Green and John L. Lewis took a firm stand for it) and rallied the public behind it, enough teeth might have been saved in the OPA to grind to dust the lusty ambitions of greedy speculators. Had labor leaders had the vision and courage to strike for lower prices instead of higher wages, labor would have received sufficient moral and physical public support to render it invulnerable against attacks from any quarters, including T-H. Today's labor would have gained a preeminent place in the history of labor-management relations and would have helped make our economic structure more stable and enduring.

Even at this late hour it would be better for all concerned if labor concentrated its attack on cutting prices, from steel down the line. A wide range of lower prices would help more to stimulate purchasing power and restore employment (there is still a potential large buying power in a low-priced market) than a wage raise for a couple million in key industries.

MAX BISER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Questions on the Pact

SIR: Your support of the North Atlantic Security Pact amazes and worries me slightly. To my mind, it was hastily pushed over on a gullible public which has all too soon forgotten the lessons of Locarno, the Briand-Kellogg Pact and the League of Nations.

In my school the history teachers have refused to dwell on the ignoble aspects of our past history. They prefer to discuss kings and prime ministers. Added to this basic lack of the facts—of what H. G. Wells would call the "ecological historical facts of life"—is the unanimity of the press in avoiding any criticism of the Pact. I think that this world needs security as a basis upon which to build a lasting political and social democracy. But the impression received from studying the American press is that once America has signed the Pact all is well with the world, and the American and Canadian citizens can go back to the primary task of making money.

Criticism of the Pact had to be made by an isolationist of Taft's type; it should have been made by an internationalist. A treaty such as the Atlantic Pact demands a moral basis if it is to have any importance and if it to be of any use.

As the reviewer of *Trial and Error* states so well, the Jews have realized the impact of ethical conduct on the effect of history. It is time that all of us realized this fact. This moral basis is destroyed when we support neo-Fascist regimes in Korea, Greece, Turkey and Italy.

In the democratic vote in the Portuguese Parliament, the vote in favor of the Pact was 80-3. The three members who opposed the majority claimed that the Pact lost its effectiveness because Spain was not a signatory. I am afraid that if Hitler were still in control in Germany we would have him join the Pact. He didn't tolerate these stupid socialists, trade unionists and editors of such magazines as the *New Republic*.

BERNARD GREEN

Hamilton, Ontario

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VOLUME 121, NUMBER 7, ISSUE 1811, NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 15, 1949 **New Republic**

SHOULD WE ARM EUROPE?

ARMAMENT RACES begin with small steps and backward glances. They end in giant strides toward inevitable war. They are not the root causes of war, but they create such tensions that peace settlements which might have been possible are made impossible.

The Military Assistance Program is not the beginning of the new armament race and it will not be the end. Its greatest danger—the excessive powers demanded by the President for its administration—has been checked by a watchful Congress. Yet other dangers remain.

The program can be justified only if it arises from an urgent need, if it corresponds to realistic strategy, and if it is supported by a deep-seated popular will.

Is there an urgent need? World tension has diminished. There is no imminent threat of Soviet invasion or Communist revolution in Europe. There is instead a belief that the USSR is anxious to end the cold war.

In Europe this may be true. One reason is that the area of flux has shifted to Asia. China's Communist armies are pressing toward the frontiers of Southeast Asia. India is heading toward civil war. Molotov is now directing the consolidation of Soviet power in Asia, where the selfishness of the West has opened the road to revolution. Only the traditional lack of interest in the West about what happens to Asia conceals a rapidly maturing crisis.

As long as the potential of world revolution remains, the USSR will not seek a genuine world settlement. Its objective is world conquest without world war. And if it can succeed in forcing down Western economic standards by an armament race, then the potential of revolution will increase. Our one real answer is a program of world economic reconstruction. But it is not the only answer, as long as millions of Soviet citizens are in uniform.

Rearmament in the West, to match this Soviet force, may increase Soviet fears and redouble Soviet war preparation. As long as there is some hope of settlement with Soviet Russia, our task is to dispel Soviet fears as well as to discourage Soviet ambitions. But there is not much evidence that the size of the Soviet armies is dictated by the size of the armed forces of the West, and the MAP, by its character as well as its size, is not aggressive in intent. Of course we give the USSR reasons for suspicion. But we cannot permit self-paralysis by self-doubt. After all, few wars have been launched by mature democracies and no Communist government has ever been voted out of power.

Is there a realistic strategy? The major purpose of the MAP is to modernize the existing armed forces of Western Europe in accordance with requests already submitted by Norway, Denmark, Italy and by the military planners of the Western Union.

But these armed forces cannot hold Europe's frontiers against a Soviet attack. And Europeans have long since made it clear that they will not fight in order to be liberated after years of occupation.

Nevertheless, the Western Union planners are undertaking to defend Europe, and the American Joint Chiefs are agreed on a general strategic plan whose purpose is to hold up Soviet invasion of Europe long enough to devastate Russia with atomic bombs. General Bradley, in testifying for the MAP, declared:

> First, the United States will be charged with strategic bombing . . . the first priority of the Joint Defense is our ability to deliver the atomic bomb.
>
> Second, the US Navy and the Western Union naval powers will conduct essential naval operations. . . . Western Union and other nations will maintain their own harbor and coastal defense.
>
> Third, we recognize that the hard core of the ground power in being will come from Europe, aided by other nations as they can mobilize.
>
> Fourth, England, France and the closer countries will have the bulk of the short-range attack bombardment and air defense. . . .
>
> Fifth, other nations . . . will emphasize appropriate specific missions.
>
> The essence of our over-all strategy is this: there is a formidable strength, and an obvious economy of effort, resources and manpower in this collective strategy where each nation is capable of its own defense as part of a collective strategic plan.

If this collective strategy is sound, it still requires a degree of integration that the forces of the Western Union have not yet begun. Unified command in wartime means nothing unless the forces which are com-

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manded are standardized in a military way. Only in the Western Union is there a move toward unified defense, and although the Western Union planners have undertaken joint exercises and standard training methods, the British and French commands have been in basic conflict. Only the prompt creation of an Atlantic Union military command, with real powers, can give meaning to Bradley's strategy, and the MAP.

Is there a will to common defense? The risks of the Atlantic Pact are far greater for Europeans than for Americans, and the purpose of the MAP is to give to Europeans a possibility of security which will encourage their will to resist.

The means of defense certainly are vital to the will to defend; Europeans do not like to live on American assurances any more than Americans like to train with broomsticks. But Czechoslovakia surrendered with 40 first-class divisions. Countless defensive alliances and the Covenant of the League of Nations collapsed in time of testing, partly because they were phrases, without the experience or the means of implementation.

Yet the betrayal of the league was accomplished largely because its Covenant did not command the primary allegiance of every man.

Today the people of Europe are weary, and conditioned by devastation and defeat. They are barely willing to fight to defend their national frontiers; they have no intention of fighting to defend a strategic plan, or a military staff committee, or even an Atlantic Pact, made for reasons they cannot comprehend by a government which is remote from their lives.

Ideas cannot proceed without implementation nor can implementation without ideas. Europe has lived by ideas and today it is without ideas. It will not be moved to the tremendous exertions required of defense unless it is defending, not simply a military union, but a society—economic, political, legal, spiritual—to which every man belongs. Because of the concentration of military power, military unification is far easier to accomplish for the Atlantic nations than other forms of union. It is all to the good as long as Two Worlds endure. But without the swift advance of unity, on a far broader front, the combined military planners will be generals without armies.

THE WEEK

CLOSE SHAVE FOR BYRD

The Byrd machine, last of the old-time Democratic state dictatorships, has survived the closest race in its 25 years of control over Virginia politics. Francis Pickens Miller, avowed New Deal candidate for governor against the Byrd candidate, John S. Battle, at the latest count had polled 110,000 to Battle's 133,000 votes in a primary which brought the largest turnout in state election history. Virginia Republicans who went into the Democratic primary in support of Byrd's man, with the large rural vote controlled by the hierarchy of appointed officials who compose Byrd's county machines, were still strong enough to offset the combination of labor, Negro and independent anti-Byrd voters that lined up for Miller.

Conservative voices like the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* say that the gubernatorial results prove the Byrd machine to be stronger than ever. Miller supporters, however, interpret the results differently, pointing out that Martin Hutchinson, the liberal candidate in 1946, polled only 82,000 votes as compared to 110,000 for Miller this time.

Final returns will show the Miller forces winning in three of Virginia's Congressional districts—the second, third and ninth. Liberals will concentrate on turning Miller strength into the election of progressive candidates in these districts in 1950. Gains were made against the machine in elections to the legislature all over the state. G. Alvin Massenburg, chairman of the Virginia Democratic Party, lost his seat in the House to a Miller man. Temple Kessinger, president of a CIO Paperworkers local, defeated Byrd's Alleghany County representative.

Another bright spot in the results was the almost complete solidarity of the Negro vote. Miller seems to have received approximately 75 percent of the remarkably high Negro vote cast in the state (most recent records show that 48,000 Negroes were qualified to vote in Virginia last year). Organized labor is estimated to have given the anti-Byrd candidate 30,000-35,000 of his votes. Labor and Negroes together, then, accounted for almost two-thirds of Miller's total.

Perhaps the greatest single reason why Miller failed to win was lack of organization in the counties, particularly in the rural ones. A very important factor was Miller's fear of being branded a labor candidate. He denied his close connection with the CIO and the AFL until Byrd proved it. The subsequent loss of public belief in his sincerity and diminished labor enthusiasm for his candidacy undoubtedly injured Miller's chances.

Had the Byrd candidate been defeated for governor this year, it would have been reasonable to anticipate the defeat of Senator Byrd himself in 1952. Now, however, with state patronage still firmly in its hands, the Byrd machine may have won considerably more than a two-year stay of execution.

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THE MESS IN CHINA

The State Department's defense of our past policies in China contained in the official one-thousand page White Paper on the subject should prove to the open-minded reader that the fault for the mess in China today is not ours and that any headlong rush by us to save China now would be suicidal.

The Chinese White Paper documents the case against the Chiang Kai-shek government more devastatingly than journalistic attacks on that regime have ever done.

Publication of the hitherto secret Wedemeyer report explodes the charge that General Wedemeyer proposed a way out in China that was suppressed by Secretary of State Marshall. On the contrary, it turns out, Wedemeyer's report reiterated General Marshall's own findings about the corruption and military incompetence of the Nationalist government, and was withheld only out of fear that publication of an impracticable Wedemeyer scheme for a UN trusteeship over Manchuria would embarrass the Chinese. In unnoticed testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have also gone on record recently, under questioning by Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas (D, Calif.), that they have never offered any plan for China that was vetoed by the State Department, as some of the press and Republicans have been asserting.

There was no easy way in China. Economic and social reform in China cannot come until basic corruption has been eliminated.

The White Paper wipes out any support for the irresponsible charges of disloyalty which have been thrown at State Department China officials by Republicans seeking to discredit the Truman policies. Theoretically, the way should now be clear for honest consideration of the report soon to be brought in by Raymond B. Fosdick and President Everett Case of Colgate University, designated by Secretary of State Acheson to make a full review of US foreign policy and recommend a future course. The fact that bipartisanship in foreign policy has never extended to China, however, will make it extremely difficult to secure general agreement on a new policy. Isolationists like Senator Kenneth Wherry (R, Neb.) have taken up the China cause as a way of striking out at our whole foreign policy. They talk blandly of pouring billions down the China rat hole even while voting against all programs for economic or military aid to Europe. Signs are that the Republicans are going to line up for a Pacific Pact comparable to the Atlantic Defense Treaty which has just been ratified.

The pressure put on Senator Vandenberg to go along with the Dewey pro-Nationalist crowd of Republicans will be tremendous. The State Department will need to win Vandenberg and John Foster Dulles away from the Wherrys of their party to prevent a blowup on the China issue in the coming Senate debate on military assistance for Europe.

Even the warmest supporters of the Truman policy for Soviet containment in Europe, looking at the puny results in Greece after an investment of five years and almost $2 billion on those seven million people, think of China's 450 million population and shake their heads.

CURB ON "SPECIAL PANELS"

The Senate has repudiated the special Civil Service Commission board which was accused of "economic and religious" bias in its disqualification of liberal NLRB and other government trial examiners. Despite resignation of the board last week, Senator Olin Johnston (D, S. C.) is going ahead with his resolution to investigate its activities. And, to protect government employees from future "special panels" that might have an interest in the result of their own decisions, Senator Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) attached two riders to next year's Civil Service Appropriation bill setting up rigid qualifications for outside consultants.

The board, headed by Carl McFarland, has been the subject of bitter attacks since March, when it disqualified about one-third of the 250 trial examiners in the government. (All but 10 percent were later reinstated.) Attorneys for the men so disqualified charged that the board was using "anti-New Dealism, anti-unionism, and some religious faith other than Jewish" as standards for its decisions. The attorneys produced evidence showing that at least half of the consultants were pleaders for special interests and had, at some time in the past, appeared in behalf of their clients before trial examiners in the NLRB, the ICC and other quasi-judicial government agencies. (See the *NR*, July 4.)

The two Morse amendments, aimed at the McFarland board, permit the use of "outside consultants" only if government consultants are not available, and require such outsiders to certify that for two years previously they have not been "financially or otherwise interested" in proceedings before government agencies or proceedings in which the government is a party. Had this standard been in effect when the McFarland board was selected, the Chairman would have been ineligible to serve since he is the NAM's special counsel in its pending suit against the government to test the Lobby Registration Act. Two other members, Willis Smith and Joseph Henderson, would have been ineligible because they are lawyers for interested corporations.

In addition to disqualifying present examiners, the board made recommendations regarding some 1,500 applicants for trial-examiner positions. After a screening, the board approved a list of 165 "safe" names, enough to fill every vacancy that will occur among government trial examiners for years to come. This list, approved by the Civil Service Commission, will be the subject of Senator Johnston's investigation if the Senate passes his resolution.

WAHRHAFTIG VINDICATED

Samuel Wahrhaftig, the American Military Government official who was abruptly suspended seven months ago on suspicion of "subversive activity" and finally dismissed from his post

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without a hearing, is preparing to return to Germany and resume his work. On a unanimous recommendation by the Army Security Review Board, Secretary of the Army Gordon Gray has ordered Wahrhaftig reinstated and reimbursed for loss of salary. But nothing has been said about reimbursing him for the several thousand dollars of his own money spent on a special trip to Germany during the Army-FBI investigation to obtain evidence from key officials to prove his loyalty (see the *NR*, May 23). And no change has been ordered in the vicious Army loyalty procedure which falsely incriminated Wahrhaftig in the first place.

When Wahrhaftig was suspended, the newspapers played the story on the first page. The Army released a nebulous list of charges such as the one that Wahrhaftig had various "associations" with German Communists (no names, dates or circumstances were mentioned). Few of the editors who so enthusiastically featured the story of Wahrhaftig's alleged "subversive" activities found any space at all last week to mention that he had won complete exoneration of the charges.

THE LADY HAS PLANS

HARTFORD (NR correspondent)

Connecticut politicians are betting that Clare Luce will be the Republican candidate against Brien McMahon (D, Conn.) for the Senate next year. If she does run, the Connecticut election will probably compare in excitement to that in Ohio where Senator Robert Taft will be making one more stand.

Delegations of "civic leaders" have lately been calling on Mrs. Luce at her Ridgefield estate to urge her to accept a "draft." (Bernard Baruch, Mrs. Luce's political mentor, has privately told friends for months that Clare was going to run although she did not know it yet.) Even such GOP big shots as Joe Martin and Senator Owen Brewster, head of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee, have journeyed to Connecticut to encourage the shy candidate.

Mrs. Luce is now reported to be so close to consenting that she is stating her terms: a strong candidate for governor against Chester Bowles and a strong state organization. The former movie star, Representative John Davis Lodge, is slated to run for the remaining two years of the term Senator Raymond Baldwin will relinquish when he retires to the Connecticut Supreme Court in December. Mrs. Luce would certainly get a good part of the Catholic vote that might otherwise go pretty solidly to Senator McMahon. But without an outstanding nominee against Governor Bowles, Republican chances for a clean sweep in Connecticut in 1950 would not be great. McMahon is a powerful campaigner himself. And the GOP possibilities for governor mentioned thus far, Hartford department-store executive Edward N. Allen or the millionaire former Hartford Mayor, William Mortensen, are not in Chester Bowles' class. Republican chances in Connecticut next year probably hinge on whether Mrs. Luce will consent to be the standard bearer and attempt to carry the whole slate on her slim shoulders.

World Powers No. 1 and No. 2

BAD BLOOD DOWN UNDER

Australia's coal strike, by far the most serious labor trouble in that country's whole history, began, by the weekend of August 5, to show some signs of ending. Although the Communist-controlled Miners' Central Executive was standing out as firmly as ever, non-Communist miners, constituting about half the total, gave evidence of growing increasingly restive.

By last week, the strike, which began on June 27 and brought out 24,000 miners, had pretty well para-

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lyzed Australia's economy. Many trains had been halted; domestic gas and electricity were drastically rationed; electric power for factories was limited. The loss in coal was about a million tons and the loss in industrial output about a quarter of a billion dollars. The coal shortage had thrown 600,000 people out of work, of whom 150,000 were getting unemployment-insurance payments of $8 a week for a married man, $4 for a single one.

Australia's Labour Government, usually considered well to the Left of Great Britain's, was furiously denouncing the strike as a Communist attempt to cripple the country. Both the miners and the Communist Party insisted that, on the contrary, it was a straightforward trade-union dispute: the miners want a wage increase of $5 per week, a 35-hour week, and a paid vacation of three months every seven years.

The government passed a law forbidding unions to use their money to aid the striking coal miners. Before the law went into effect, several unions took their money out of the bank; when the courts ordered that these funds be turned over and impounded for the duration of the strike, union officials refused. Adjudged to be in contempt of court, some of the officials have been sent to prison for terms as long as one year. The chief union involved besides the coal miners is the longshoremen's, which has been calling intermittent brief sympathy strikes.

Police responsible to the federal government have raided the headquarters of the Australian Communist Party and a local Communist newspaper, and have confiscated documents.

On August 1, the government began using soldiers to mine coal, employing road-building machinery in open-cut operations. By August 5, they had got up to a rate of 33,000 tons per week (normal production: 243,000). The government is also placing orders for coal all over the world, much of it at far more than the cost of Australian coal. These orders, of course, can be cancelled if the strike should end.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

PARIS

A Frenchman with a gun in his hand is more likely to resist an invading Red Army soldier or home-grown Communist Fifth Columnist than a Frenchman who hasn't a gun in his hand. Few men here in Paris (other than Communists and fellow travelers) would be illogical enough to contest the soundness of Secretary Acheson's argument before the House Foreign Affairs Committee "that failure to reinforce the determination of free nations to defend themselves against subversion from within and aggression from without may invite . . . political and military aggression."

As seen from the perspective of this city, whose recent past is more alive and more frightening than it seems to be in Washington, the key word in the Secretary's context is *determination*, for on the occasion of the last subversion from within and aggression from without, there were men without guns in their hands who resisted and men with guns who didn't. There is therefore less confidence here in the Secretary's point that possession of the guns necessarily means having the determination to resist.

The Secretary also said:

> The existence of Communist groups in some of these countries is a reason for, and not against, supplying arms. The danger from these Communist elements reached its peak before the moderate governments of Western Europe proved they were too strong to be overthrown by subversion. Since these governments proved themselves capable of overcoming internal threats to their security, Communist strength and influence in Western Europe have been steadily reduced.

Again from the perspective of Paris, the sequitur in the Secretary's argument isn't quite clear. It wasn't by arms that the moderate governments of Western Europe overcame the Communist threat; it was by the economic assistance represented by the ECA. American money, American supplies of the wherewithal of peaceful existence, and the promise of greater economic and social justice defeated Communism. Thanks to this non-military help, the moderates of Western Europe removed the danger of civil war. But Secretary Acheson went on:

> Military assistance from the United States would further strengthen the hand of the democratic governments in dealing with either internal disorders or repelling aggression if it should come.

If the Western European governments are strong enough to face internal threats, as the Secretary says they are, what are these new "internal disorders" which are to be feared? Does Acheson mean that Italy's Interior Minister Mario Scelba will have more weapons for the *reparto celere* so that his militarized police, mounted with jeeps and armed with machine guns, will be able to beat into submission more workers than they did during the recent strike of farm hands? This strike was supported not only by the Communist-dominated CGIL but also by the Vatican-dominated Christian trade unions; and the indignation over police tactics boiled up into the most violent scene the not unviolent Italian parliament has staged in a long time. Does Acheson mean that France's Interior Minister Jules Moch's police are to remove the threat from the striking midinettes—those girls who sew for a pittance the fabulously expensive dresses which the *haute couture* can now sell only to American women?

It happens that the American military chiefs of staff made their tour of Western Europe at just the time when the parliaments of France, Britain and Italy began their long summer vacations. In each of these legislatures the major unfinished business was economic and domestic, not military and international. Military assistance from the United States won't help Britain solve a crisis which threatens the progress toward Western European recovery of the last few years more immedi-

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ately (perhaps more seriously too) than all the Communist Parties of Western Europe and the Red Army put together. Nor will the reinforcement of the militarized police in Italy and France do more than reopen economic and social wounds that are beginning to heal.

Sensible Frenchmen of the non-Communist Left are willing to agree with Acheson that "the momentum [of American foreign policy] must be maintained if we are to accomplish our purpose—to sustain the advance and carry us further along the way which we have every reason to believe leads to peace and security for ourselves and others." But they fear that an artificial momentum may overshoot the mark, do damage rather than good. It is said over here that what the American government seems most worried about is the end of the cold war. Whatever appearances may be in the United States, the belief is that the cold war *is* over, and that American officials are trying to keep it going artificially for fear that, without it, Congress will bog down on the Administration's foreign program as it has already on the domestic program. But if in the name of the cold war, the governments of Alcide de Gasperi and Henri Queuille (not to mention that of Portugal's Salazar) begin to use military police instead of economic measures to solve economic problems, the MAP will be undoing the work of the ECA.

If it is true that every blow Scelba's or Moch's militarized police strike at workers with weapons furnished by America hurts the cause of America and of European democracy, it is also true that every dollar needlessly withdrawn from the task of Western European economic recovery helps Togliatti, Thorez and the men in the Kremlin. What is most dangerous in the supporting arguments for the MAP is the mixture on a basis of interchangeability (in the minds of the men in Washington) of the subversion from within and the aggression from without, for it gives *carte blanche* to those elements in the coalition governments in Italy and France which are considerably less than democratic.

Acheson told the House Committee that "a morbid and pervasive sense of insecurity" had been created in Western Europe by a combination of the military strength of Russia and the military weakness of the Western European countries—a huge aggressive force on the one hand and admittedly inadequate defense forces on the other. He did not, however, point out an equally serious (perhaps more serious) reason for insecurity—the recently increasing trend toward the Right in economic and political conduct of the governments of the West. Nor did he point out that the fear of Soviet aggression is less "pervasive" now than it has been in Western Europe since the start of the cold war, precisely because Europeans know that economic factors forced both Washington and Moscow into an Armistice of the Giants.

If Western Europeans on this tenth anniversary of the eve of World War II are thinking about world problems, it isn't about what Washington can do to prevent the Red Army from marching but about whether Washington will decide to save Britain or Germany economically—over here it doesn't seem that *both* can be saved, now that it's plain that by 1952 the Marshall Plan will *not* have made the nations of the West independent going concerns. Frenchmen (and other Western Europeans) will be glad to get American military help; but whereas the Gaullists will be delighted (and the Communists not unpleased), the progressive Leftists will hope that America's shift from the economic to the military will be both temporary and based on a clear understanding of the dangers of mixing the two.

Moreover, most Americans with intimate personal experience in French affairs will note the New York *Herald Tribune's* warning that:

> With the massive force of the Soviet Army at its command, the Politburo could hardly be confronted by such a powerful ground army—at least in the early stages of conflict—as to rule out the possibility of extensive Russian gains in continental Europe. Moreover, the decentralization of Russian industry, the relatively primitive and simple system of supply employed by the Soviet Union, make the Soviet Union less vulnerable to strategic bombing than Germany or Japan.

Few Americans over here have any illusions: a war with Russia wouldn't be quickly finished; if holding operations on the ground were left to Western European infantry, no amount of MAP help in advance would keep the Russians out of the West; and the factor of the will and *determination* of guerrilla fighters would again become vital. Secretary Acheson said:

> It must be our objective to achieve the necessary measure of security for us at the minimum drain on our own economy. The achievement of that objective requires that we be associated with free nations who are strong.

But we must even more be associated with free peoples, with free men whose determination is strong to get and keep real freedom—not only political but also economic and social. The Secretary brushed aside the chance that the arms America furnished to Western Europeans might "some day be used against us." His confidence might be shared over here if there were something in the military-assistance program to make sure that the governments of Western Europe would carry out the economic and social reforms that would win rather than alienate those masses of poor men who always in all wars make up the bulk of the foot soldiers and guerrillas.

By all means America should (to use the Secretary's metaphor) "put locks on our doors" but America should also make sure of the foundations of the house of the West, or at least prevent the reactionaries from widening breaches in the walls. It may be true (as Acheson said) that "what is required is . . . sufficient strength to make it impossible for an aggressor to achieve a quick and easy victory." Yet it is also true that we need to avoid what would make the achievement of the eventual victory an unnecessarily long and horrible process.

PERCY WINNER

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Tom Clark Should Say "No, Thanks"*

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has not "elevated" Tom C. Clark to the Supreme Court; he has degraded the Court to Tom C. Clark. I do not know intimately the history of all who in the past have been members of the Court, but I suspect that the worst appointment ever made is this latest one. The nomination of this inconsequential lawyer to the highest court in the land is such that, if it were conceivably within its powers, the Court ought to order the President to show cause why he should not be held in contempt.

The Supreme Court needs more in a member than a Mona Lisa smile and simpering interest in the Girl Scouts. It requires legal learning, wide vision and intellectual qualities that, if possessed by Clark, have never been capable of detection. A report was current at the time of his appointment as Attorney General that his performance as an obscure Assistant had been so unsatisfactory that he was due to be replaced. By a sardonic quirk of fate, he found himself, instead, trying to fill the chair of a first-rate predecessor. Perhaps it was in keeping that the least able of the Attorneys General of the United States should, as the result of raw political favoritism, become the least able of the members of the Supreme Court. I have heard many of his profession comment upon Clark as Attorney General, but none of them has ever ventured to maintain that he had either the legal learning, the intellectual qualities or the vision that ought to be regarded as essential prerequisites even of Attorneys General.

The people last November decided to give President Truman the chance in his own right for which he pleaded. What a return is this for their friendly consideration! Even one who believes that every political *quid* calls for a political *quo* might have thought that the people also were entitled to a chance. And what chance do they have when the Supreme Court itself is treated with indignity and contempt? Clark's associates on the bench, distinguished and able as they are, of course will have to make a grace of necessity. They will be required to pretend to welcome as an equal a professional and intellectual inferior, a second-rate political hack who has known what backs to slap and when. It is to be hoped that they will not fail to ask their misnamed "brother" at an early conference why he has never done anything to carry out the mandate of the Court in the California tidelands case. Of one thing we may be sure: upon the assumption of the judicial robe that will be such a misfit on Clark's shoulders, the oil industry can surely boast that it now has one of its old friends on the Court.

Instead of determining the rights of others as a member of the Supreme Court, Clark should be defending himself before the Senate of the United States against impeachment charges voted by the House. Not only did he never make any attempt to carry out the mandate of the Supreme Court in the case above referred to, he collaborated with Secretary of the Interior Krug, his Cabinet "buddy," to make it impossible to carry out that mandate. As Attorney General he upheld the slick finding of Mastin G. White, Solicitor of the Interior, who had the enthusiastic support of Krug, that the Federal Mineral Leasing Act did not apply to the tidelands, and that therefore the government lacked power to administer, in behalf of the people, the vastly rich oil properties that the Supreme Court had said, not only once, but twice, belonged to the people. We are certainly in strange times when misconduct in office qualifies one for a higher office at higher pay.

The New York *Herald Tribune* said, in an editorial on July 29, "Mr. Clark's record as Attorney General has been one of failure. . . . He [has been] engaged in spectacular and largely vain efforts to show how zealous the Department of Justice could be in the pursuit of non-essentials." The same editorial referred scathingly to Clark's handling of the Eisler case, "which placed the United States in the humiliating position of receiving polite lessons in law from an English judge." In that case, as a correspondent wrote me at the time:

> General Clark with a legal staff and a hell of a lot to learn,
> Marched them up on the Batory bow and marched them off the stern.

A great and powerful nation, by its Attorney General, then crudely refused permission to Mrs. Eisler to join her husband in Europe and summarily deported her.

Only one justification can be seen for this appointment that is so outrageous to the Supreme Court and so humiliating to the country. Perhaps President Truman at long last realized that he owed it to the country to get rid of this weakest member of his Cabinet, and, mistakenly thinking that he was still under political obligations to Clark, decided to "kick him upstairs." In any event, it is a comfort to think of Senator J. Howard McGrath as Attorney General in place of the misplaced Clark. Senator McGrath cannot possibly perform as badly as has his immediate predecessor. He is an abler

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lawyer, by far, and he has a commendable record of public service. He has the character and inherent dignity that one who occupies such a high office ought to bring with him to so important a task. He can be expected to do the kind of job as Attorney General that a man of the antecedents and "intellectual" processes of Tom C. Clark has not been able even to envisage.

If Clark were the kind of a man that he conceives himself to be, he would save his country the embarrassment that his nomination to the Supreme Court has caused it by becomingly thanking the President—and returning to private life. HAROLD L. ICKES

ON THE EDGE OF ROME

by Michael Straight

ONE HOT DAY in July I drove out to Tiburtino, the housing settlement in Rome to which the readers of the *New Republic* and the school children at Vancouver have sent food and clothing for the last two years.

We drew up outside the office of the doctor at Tiburtino who distributed the supplies. At once we were surrounded by scores of ragged children. "The packages! The packages!" they cried. "Go off you rascals and wash your faces for the Americans!" scolded the nurse who came down to meet us. But they shouted back, and swarmed all over the jeep as we went upstairs.

The doctor was working in his tiny clinic. He, his night assistant, three nurses and a midwife are charged by Rome with the health of the 26,000 people packed into Tiburtino. He handles up to 300 cases a day.

He nodded toward the children playing below. "Thirty percent of them have a predisposition to TB," he said. "We have twenty-seven active TB cases among our children now. We try to send the worst to sanitariums, and the next worst to summer camps. But our problem is not lack of doctors but lack of food.

"The glands of these children are swollen with malnutrition. They are easy victims to every kind of disease. They get one bowl of soup a day if they have a medical certificate of need. It's not enough. At school they get a little more; but they need clothes to go to school. The mothers change the clothes from one child to another so each can go to school and eat well at least once a week."

"What about all the food that America is sending?" I asked. "That food should reach them."

The doctor sighed: "It should. . . .

"Actually," he went on, "conditions here are a little worse than they were two years ago. Then our families used to scrape together a few lire in black-market deals. Now that's over. One half of our men are unemployed. They draw benefits of five dollars a week at best.

"We're worse off because we have more children. Our apartments were built to house families of two or three. Now eight or twelve in a room is frequent here. Incest is common, since the occasion is always present.

"Perhaps they might keep their homes cleaner and avoid disease. Education is hard here, though, because they have no example to follow. They are all crowded and hungry and the hunger and crowding grow worse as the babies keep coming. Four can live on a few lire a day. But eight cannot live!"

I asked if there was no way to check the increase in families by instruction in birth control. "You must not ask me that," he said sharply. "I am only the doctor: it is not for me to say."

"What if the women have TB or weak hearts?"

"You must not ask me," he said.

We went out into the blinding sunlight and across to one of the apartments. The doctor knocked. "Permesso?" he said humbly. "Permesso?" A woman let us in. There was a disused lavatory, a kitchen barely large enough to hold the table, a bedroom scarcely big enough to hold one single and one double bed. A family of seven lived here, but at the moment there were only four: a widow, her son and daughter, both with open TB lesions, and an older son who was insane.

The younger son stood by the door. Although his lung was collapsed, he was working as a bus conductor to support the family. His sister stood beside him. The insane man sat on a chair with one torn sock on and one bare foot, muttering incoherently and moving without coördination. "I've tried to take him," the doctor whispered, "but she won't let him go." The widow began to explain how they lived. But soon, like most women for whom the margin of hunger is so narrow and the strain so great, she broke down in weeping.

In the clinic, one woman was waiting with an eight-month-old baby in one arm and an eighteen-month-old girl against her shoulder. Her dress and sandals were very old. Her spectacles were tied around her ears with

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black thread. She was thirty-six; but she looked sixty, worn out by nourishing a constant succession of children from her own malnourished body. "She is one of the finest women in the settlement," said the doctor as he took the child from her shoulder. "She'll be glad to show you where she lives."

She lived with her husband and her eight surviving children in one room and a kitchen. She and her husband slept in one bed with four babies. A broken window was boarded over. She picked her way through bits of blackened rubbish on the floors.

Barefoot and dressed only in cotton smocks sent by the Vancouver school children, two of the girls stood and stared at us, unable to smile. The eighteen-month-old baby lay motionless on the mother's shoulder. Her arms were thin; her skin was white and blotched. She had outlived pneumonia. Now she had dysentery.

The woman explained that her husband earned a dollar and a half a day as a manual laborer. Fifteen cents of that went in bus fares, the rest to buy soup once a day. The tears came to her eyes as she spoke, but she held them back with discipline and dignity. "If we had four children," she said, "we could eat twice a day and sometimes buy clothes." None of the eight children had shoes and none had had anything to eat that day.

"Will you have more children?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I would have none if I had my choice but God sends them to me."

She shifted the weight of the child on her shoulder. It lay with head slumped, too exhausted to move. Through the window, the dome of St. Peter's rose over the cottage, majestic and tranquil in the afternoon light.

THE GERMANS ARE SAYING——

by Charles G. Bolte

FRANKFURT, GERMANY

WE HAD NOT PLANNED to visit Germany during our stay in Europe: we both felt like the proprietor of the seaside café in Holland, who wrinkled his nose when he saw me studying a German grammar on our way in.

"You don't like the Germans?" I asked. "No," he said. "It's a little bit too soon." But a friend of ours with American Express in Frankfurt had said last winter: "You'd better come here before you go home, and look at the ruins, just in case there are any lingering doubts in your mind about the advisability of another war."

There were none: a tour of the Ruhr, a visit to Darmstadt, a jeep-ride through Berlin reduce the possibility of entertaining any new ones. We feel added respect for the old-fashioned weapons of our youth. What alarms Germany's neighbors is that, among the ruins, there sprout already renewed evidences of the energy and industriousness of this people: the forested chimneys of the Ruhr are smoking again, from the cellar of a gutted building in Essen we saw two well-dressed young men carrying briefcases set out as if on a commercial mission, and on the top of the one intact building in a flattened block of Düsseldorf appeared the vermilion umbrellas of a roof-garden restaurant.

None of the Germans to whom I talked was confident, however, that these signs of enterprise indicated a prosperous future. They referred constantly to the 1.25 million unemployed in the Western zones, to the quarter-million unemployed in the Western sectors of Berlin, to the high prices of the consumer goods so lavishly displayed, and to the inflation which followed the spurious prosperity of the early twenties. Fears of depression, fears of war, and fears of the Russians, combining to produce a profound and universal apprehension of the future, were the only points on which we found unanimity. For the rest, we learned just enough about what the Germans are thinking so that when, back home, someone says, "The Germans think so and so," we can reply, "Nonsense," with authority.

Not only did the Germans disagree among themselves: they disagreed inside themselves. Contradictions flourish in the soil of defeat; hopes and yearnings, rebuffed by fact, are diverted into another channel, there to be rebuffed by more fact. For the development of neuroses springing out of unreconciled conflicts, Germany should be a laboratory for psychiatrists today.

The desire to attain incompatible objects and the feeling of restraint upon communication were revealed in the city hall of Western Berlin, where a high official said he hoped for a neutral Germany in the future, and two minutes later declared that America can "depend on the feeling against the Russians among the Ger-

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mans." I said: "You would like to see Germany neutral, but more on the side of the West than the East?" He replied: "This question is difficult to answer. We are not so free, even at this point, to answer questions like that one."

The conflicting emotions arising from the memory of the war were revealed often. The young trade-union official in Düsseldorf said he had learned his socialism from an old Social Democrat in a prisoner-of-war camp in America, after being captured at Alamein. I said I had been there—casually, as one singles out points of mutual reference with a new acquaintance—and he became quite embarrassed, as did I. The American Express employee in Frankfurt, when we were all feeling relaxed after dinner and drinks, recalled the war and his capture at Cassino: "We were surrounded. I never felt any respect for the American infantry until their sharpshooters started in on us. . . ." He looked around then a little anxiously at the Americans in the room.

The curtain falls even more abruptly over references to Hitler. Our American Express host brought four of his German employees to the dinner in Frankfurt; they agreed that no one knew, when he joined the party or voted for Hitler, that all the terrible things were going to happen. I remarked that the program had been made pretty clear in *Mein Kampf*. None of them had ever read it, they said.

Incompatible aspirations emerged most sharply in discussions of Germany's future relations with the rest of the world, the point to which I directed most of my questions, having been struck by Articles 24 and 25 of the Basic Law of the new West German Federation (the Bonn Constitution): "The Federation may, by legislation, transfer sovereign powers to international institutions. . . . The general rules of international law . . . shall take precedence over the laws and create rights and duties directly for the inhabitants of the federal territory." I found two declared adherents of world government. One was a minister in the government of North Rhine-Westphalia, the biggest land in the British zone, who said: "The territorial rectifications and the dismantling make it difficult for us to develop a good European feeling. It is also difficult that the Russians allow the synthetic-gas plants to continue in their zone. But Germany inclines now to the West. I myself am a follower of Professor Hutchins, of Chicago. I am going in August to the World Government Congress at Stockholm. But of course we cannot have the Russians in the world government until they become democratic—we want freedom first, then world unity." The other was a waiter in the British press-hotel in Düsseldorf, who said: "War is silly. We don't want another, we want world government, but wicked men are always here to start wars, and then the others must defend themselves."

Everyone hoped that UN would succeed, but none thought it would. The Berlin city official, a leader of the Christian Democrats, was the only open advocate of a neutral Germany—neutral on the side of the West, he meant, or did not mean; the others wanted Germany with the West, or at least against the East; they also wanted peace, and reconciliation with Russia. The trade unionist in Düsseldorf said: "A split-up Germany is no Germany. . . . If we could be admitted on an equal footing we would join the Western Union and give up our neutrality."

An official of the Social Democratic Party in Berlin was the toughest and most consistent against the Russians. "We in the SPD support Churchill's United Europe," he said. "Germany must go in, but there is still opposition to this idea. We can understand how the memory of fascism makes the other people oppose us; what we cannot understand is why they are willing to leave half of Europe under the same thing. The West cares more about business relations than politics. The Soviet Union should be isolated—the way to prevent war is to make sure that the system collapses. The basic mistake against fascism was letting it survive, thinking that one could keep good company with it. The same happens now." Five minutes later he was telling me: "We in Berlin don't want war with the Russians—only some ex-Nazis in the West want that, and they are supported by the Allies."

As for the leader of UGO, the new anti-Communist trade-union federation in Western Berlin, he said his hope for the future was that "Germany will be self-supporting, that we can bring up our children in a decent life, and that we will be a barrier against the Communism of the East. We cannot be the teacher of the nations again."

I asked him if he thought there was any support in Germany for the third-force idea: he said there was none, but "we should work for reconciliation. The Russian Revolution has had some kind of sense in it. Russia must be brought into the family of nations, or the world is *kaput*. Germany must be a bridge between East and West." I wanted to ask him how the materials used in the construction of a barrier could be used subsequently to make a bridge, but decided that it would probably defeat my translator.

Because it seems obvious that a new Rapallo policy, or the threat of one, will become the gambit of still another generation of German politicians seeking a place in the sun, I asked everyone whether he saw any pros-

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pect of this. The question was almost always met reluctantly, turned away, or denied vehemently.

The cabinet minister in Düsseldorf was relatively frank: "If we get two million unemployed, we have to choose between trade with Russia and two million Communists." The threat, or warning, to the West was clear enough so that he felt no need to say more. But the Berlin magistracy man said: "I can guarantee that the Russians have inoculated Germany against Bolshevism. There is no chance for a Rapallo policy." As for the SPD man, who thrived on contradictions, he said that a Rapallo policy would be favored by "the heavy industrialists in the West who now, as against the Social Democrats, are being so well taken care of by the Allies." (Yet the trade-unionists in Berlin and in the West reported themselves well pleased with the treatment accorded them by the occupation authorities.)

Another contradiction emerged in the attitude toward the occupation: everyone wanted it ended, but opinion was split as to whether it was advisable, with the Russians so close and the People's Army of the East apparently so strong.

One point on which there was no contradiction, between individuals or inside them, was the toughness of Western policy toward Russia. The sentiment one sometimes meets elsewhere in Europe, that America is pushing Europe into war with Russia, I found nowhere in Germany. "Russians recognize only the language of accomplished fact," said the cabinet minister in Düsseldorf. A man from DENA, the news agency, said: "America should have known this long ago, but they do not have, pardon me, so much knowledge of history." The SPD man in Berlin said that "only those who stopped thinking in Germany before 1933 think that the Soviet Union has something to do with socialism. Unfortunately, the farther away from Russia you get the more likely you are to think this." The Berlin *magistrat* man applauded the toughness, suggesting only that to it should be added patience. "I think perhaps Mr. McCloy, the banker, will be better at this talking," he said, "than General Clay, yes?"

My translator in Berlin smiled over lunch. "You have been talking only to politicians, you know. Politics is their business. Most Germans pay no attention to it. We have no faith in any politician, no hope for the future. We will get only depression, the Russians will overrun us or we will have another Hitler when you go.

"My solution for the German problem is to distribute 60 million little pills. Then the Russians can have the whole continent, but they will stop at the Atlantic, so you will be all right. If the Germans won't take those 60 million little pills, I will set an example soon by taking one myself. Except, I do want to live, only to take care of my daughter. What worries me is what I should teach her to believe in, since I myself no longer believe in anything."

All those I asked about it agreed with the journalist who reported recently that ten years ago the two most popular words in Germany were "Heil Hitler!" and today they are "ohne mich," meaning "without me." "We Germans have learned not to play at high politics," the trade unionist in Düsseldorf said. "We are not so good at them, not since Bismarck, the last good German politician. We have managerial ability only."

SAVE THE SOIL OR STARVE

by Benton J. Stong

AMERICA'S SOILS are running down at a serious rate. The quality of the food we eat is deteriorating along with the soil. Just as with other shortages, we could remedy the situation. We could fill the soil with plant-food elements and produce the most health-giving sort of vegetables, corn, wheat, etc. But up to now we have only nibbled a little at a solution to this shortage which is in some ways much more critical than present shortages of steel, aluminum, magnesium or electric power.

We were using 1.3 million tons of phosphate annually in the 1935-1939 period.

We will use about 2.1 million tons of phosphate in 1949, and there is talk of using 2.5 million tons in 1954 under present conditions in the fertilizer industry.

Dr. George Scarseth, director of research for the American Farm Research Association, tells us that we are losing 4.8 million tons of phosphate from the soil each year through cropping, pasturing and erosion. That is more than twice what we are putting back.

Dr. Scarseth told a Congressional committee in 1947:

> On a national scale, we are on a trend of soil exhaustion that ends where India and part of Asia are today—where the "fertility of the people is greater than the fertility of the land," and where insecurity for food prevents cultural and industrial development.

Republicans and Democrats agree on the need for

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greatly expanded use of fertilizer and the need for expanding plant capacity and production. When hearings were held on a bill for this purpose in 1947, Senator Hickenlooper of Iowa testified: "The rate at which we are using up our soil resources and reducing our ability to produce is a threat to our economic stability today, and our very existence tomorrow. . . ."

Senator Lister Hill of Alabama told the committee: "In recent years we have come up against the stark fact that we cannot go on endlessly exploiting the land, draining its fertility without replacing it."

Republican Hickenlooper and Democrat Hill aren't isolated examples of bipartisan acceptance. The sponsors of the 1947 bill were so numerous and in such unusual combination that it startled Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois. He said:

> The measure is so parallel with a lot of New Deal measures that have been passed by the Congress from time to time, and which have been condemned and criticized by the majority party [in the 80th Congress], that it is interesting to find so many distinguished gentlemen of the opposite sides of the political fence endorsing this kind of bill.

But in spite of its broad backing, the 1947 bill did not get out of committee.

The fertilizer business is controlled in the United States by one of the oldest and tightest trusts in America. Its domestic control is complete. Its international arrangements protect it from foreign competition. It has survived prosecutions by the score.

In 1906, the Department of Justice prosecuted 61 large fertilizer companies for price fixing and tonnage allotments through a Canadian corporation.

In 1916, the Federal Trade Commission condemned control of the industry by a Big Seven.

In 1926, the Department of Justice got an indictment of the Big Seven plus another company and many individuals. They pleaded *nolo contendere* and paid $90,500 in fines.

In 1927, a civil action was brought against the European potash cartel which ended in a consent decree against price fixing in the US.

In 1940, a civil action against three big American potash producers ended in a consent decree against "agreeing, combining or conspiring among themselves or any other potash producers" to violate the anti-trust laws.

In 1941, the Big Eight of domestic fertilizer, 10 medium-sized companies, 33 small companies and the National Fertilizer Association were indicted along with 34 individuals. A majority pleaded *nolo contendere* and paid picayune fines totaling $259,852.

In 1945, the Federal Trade Commission entered the picture again with a sharp report charging that members of the Phosphate Export Association were parties to international arrangements whereby markets were allocated, prices fixed and quotas set for all cartel members and groups.

There is abundant evidence in Congressional hearings and elsewhere that there is still no real change of practices in the industry.

When Senator Hill testified for the 1947 bill he made an observation in his testimony highlighting one of the trust practices which is a key to many of our fertility troubles. He said:

> Present fertilizer production and present fertilizer practices are about as out of date as a 1925 automobile. If the farmer bought groceries in the same way that he is forced to buy much of his fertilizer, a loaf of bread would be mostly sawdust, such as Mussolini used to provide for the people of Italy.

The Senator was alluding to the refusal of the fertilizer industry to sell unmixed, high-analysis plant-food elements (potash, phosphate or nitrogen) direct to farmers.

For many years before the TVA was created, fertilizer with 16 percent phosphate was regarded as "super" —a very high concentration. Then the TVA started to make and distribute phosphate concentrated as high as 48 percent and consequently known as "triple-superphosphate." It was not mixed with "sawdust." It was economical. Because there was three times as much plant food in each 100-pound bag of 48 percent as there was in a bag of 16 percent, there were big savings on freight, distributors' commissions, handling, haulage and the cost to the farmer of spreading it on the field.

What this sort of thing can mean to farmers is indicated in a letter that Jim Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union, recently got in reply to a protest about increases in the price of anhydrous ammonia, which is 82.5 percent nitrogen. (The price has jumped from $59 to $85 a ton in about one year.) Daniel B. Curll Jr., of the Commercial Solvents Corporation of New York, wrote:

> As you may have noticed from various publications, we are one of the *few* companies offering anhydrous ammonia to manipulators or distributors who make it available to farmers for direct application to the soil. We are told that by this method the cost of applying fertilizer is reduced from approximately $2 an acre to 50¢ an acre, and as you

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Benton J. Stong is editor of the National Union Farmer and director of the Missouri Valley Association.

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can readily calculate, this means a considerable saving to the farmer.

Just as the letter indicates, the big fertilizer companies battle this sort of thing, including the TVA's high-analysis phosphate program, because it threatens the hundreds of millions of dollars invested in mixing plants, and the rich profits derived from mixing the basic elements with gravel and other cheap ingredients.

The producers of the highly concentrated elements, phosphate, potash and nitrogen, either forbid direct sale to farmers or charge a differential price for materials that are going to be mixed or passed on to farmers undiluted.

A propaganda campaign against high-analysis fertilizers is also being conducted. The American Plant Food Council, which is headed by former US Representative Woodrum of Kentucky, even got out a pamphlet attacking high-analysis fertilizers endorsed by the US Agricultural Education Service. The Council distributed it to schools to prejudice potential farmers against triple-superphosphate and similar materials.

For your health, the soil's health and the nation's health, we need a national soil-fertility program that will catch up to the goals set by the agronomists of the Land Grant Colleges. Mineral fertilizer isn't the total problem. Organic matter is needed too. But adequate, economical mineral fertilizer will help stimulate an organic fertility program.

We are short of known potash deposits within the nation. Our known reserves of this element are around 70 million tons, mostly in New Mexico, Utah and California. They must be conserved and imports expanded as much as possible. There needs to be extensive, planned exploration for additional deposits.

We are short of nitrogen capacity. Half of our scanty supply today is being produced in former war plants, which would have to be reconverted if war came. And part of the need for nitrogen can be met by better farming practices which are encouraged by the TVA. The TVA gets farmers to use plenty of phosphate and then plant legumes like clover, alfalfa and lespedeza. These plants gather nitrogen from the air and leave it in the soil. This practice also takes a lot of acres out of row crops, which cause the worst erosion, and turns farmers toward livestock programs. More livestock means upgrading our diets to dairy products and more meat.

The key to this desirable type of fertility program is lots of phosphate. We have an abundant supply of phosphate rock out in the West. Unfortunately, we are producing nearly all our commercial phosphate from limited resources in Tennessee (only two or three percent of known deposits) and Florida (about 15 to 18 percent). Very little is being produced from 75 or 80 percent of the rock deposits near the Continental Divide in Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana.

There should be furnace concentration plants in the Western area, producing the highest possible concentrations so they will ship economically to the farmers of the West and Middle West.

Some of the things that are needed, on which there is wide agreement among agriculturists in the Department of Agriculture, Land Grant Colleges, farm organizations and Congress, include:

¶ A transmission line to carry low-cost Bonneville power to the phosphate beds so the TVA's electric-furnace process can be duplicated in the West.

¶ Government construction and original operation of one or more Western phosphate plants to get the "bugs" out of the manufacturing and distributing processes and make the industry attractive to private enterprise and coöperatives.

¶ A nationwide demonstration program to stimulate demand for the new fertilizer and ensure its widespread use. This program might use the original output of the new plants, assuring them a market. (Creation of a Missouri Valley Authority and a Columbia Valley Authority would provide agencies which could do all these jobs just as the TVA has done them in the South.)

¶ Loans should be made available on terms sufficiently attractive to farmer coöperatives and private industry to stimulate further construction of phosphate plants. (Ed O'Neal of the American Farm Bureau Federation pointed out in testimony that it would take 80 plants as big as the one proposed at Mobile, Alabama, to meet national phosphate needs.)

¶ The TVA should be authorized to go ahead with the proposed Mobile phosphate plant.

In addition to the specific legislation suggested above, two bills bearing on the fertilizer shortage are in the hopper. The Farmers' Union had this problem in mind when it drafted its proposed Full Employment Act. The similar bill written as an Administration measure mentions the fertilizer situation. Both bills would provide mechanisms for greater plant capacity and production in the fields of critical shortage.

And Senator Hill is prepared at any time to introduce a bill devoted exclusively to the fertilizer problem, if such a bill should prove necessary because broader legislation has failed to pass.

The author of any of these measures could appropriately present it to the American people as a health bill, if nothing more.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

SHERWOOD ANDERSON IN RETROSPECT

by Alexander Klein

THOUGH less than a decade has passed since his death, Sherwood Anderson is a writer who must be viewed more from a historical than an esthetic viewpoint. As Maxwell Geismar put it, he "became an ancestor before he became mature"; the long list of writers bearing marks of his influence includes Faulkner, Hemingway, Caldwell, Wolfe, Steinbeck and Saroyan. Anderson was one of the most "typically American" writers—in content and treatment, which owed as little as possible to English heritage, and in his fixation on the moment of the birth of consciousness and his inability to go much beyond the emotional trauma of that natal instant, so that each of his characters (regardless of age or sex) is a desperate chick pecking at the all but unbreakable shell of some monstrous egg.

THE PORTABLE SHERWOOD ANDERSON. Edited by Horace Gregory (The Viking Press; $2).

Arriving during the crucial adolescent years of twentieth-century American literature, Anderson, along with Dreiser and Lewis, was instrumental in effecting what seemed at the time a major revolution: the freeing of American letters from the bonds of gentility. In a decade of sustained output Anderson also helped break the mold of the synthetic-plot type of short story, wrote one of the earliest labor novels of the century, and was perhaps the first of a long line to express hostility to a culture whose lack of meaning and direction remained one of the basic themes in all his work. And in *Winesburg, Ohio* and a few of his best stories he succeeded in capturing permanently for our literature certain basic aspects of American life.

Yet Anderson's total worthwhile output would make a slight volume (far slimmer than the overgenerous selections in Paul Rosenfeld's *Sherwood Anderson Reader*, 1947, and the present somewhat more selective compilation by Horace Gregory) and not a single one of his works—not even the shortest or best of his tales—is unmarred by a certain failure of the imagination and consequent placing of too great a burden on sentiment. He repeatedly fails to conceive his characters fully and he tries to make feeling take the place of cumulative detail and integral construction. His novels are never sustained wholes, but loosely joined tales, character studies, descriptions, observations.

In Anderson's world time is suspended; there is never a progression of events, never a development. Anderson was most successful at presenting a "moment," at isolating a character, offering a mood picture; but he lacked the gift or discipline to convey the significant history of those "moments." "I want you to understand more than I can say," he once pleaded, and in his stories he is forever speaking out, crying, "See what I mean?" and trailing off with some craftsman's device.

Anderson did aspire beyond a crude naturalism, but his superficial folksiness and stuttering lyricism lead nowhere. (He uses simplicity almost the way Faulkner uses his elaborate, thunderous rhetoric—to express what he has not clearly formulated, to create *with* style instead of *through* style. Thus style becomes a device, rather than a medium of communication. Of course, Faulkner's imagination is immeasurably more powerful than Anderson's.) Lacking a basic organizing principle ("I am mighty little interested in discussions of what man's place in the scheme of things may be. After all there is the fact of life. Its story wants telling and singing."), having the yearning but not the will for discipline, Anderson could manage only a simple, obvious symbolism. And, for all his crafty simplicity, he is rarely an economical writer.

The Andersonian world is narrow and substanceless; life is denuded of practically all sensory elements, meaning, value, intellect, complexity—everything becomes undirected feeling of a low-energy potential. The truth is that the heroic language Anderson at times assumed does not suit his distinctly unheroic themes. Nevertheless, for the generation that came to maturity in the years of depression and imminent war, Anderson's rootlessness in his native America had a particular relevance of appeal and an urgency of pathos. Throughout his life Anderson, more than any other American writer, remained conscious of the loneliness and alienation of the artist in America. He felt a personal responsibility upon hearing of Hart Crane's suicide, and tried to get others to join him in writing letters regularly to fellow artists in order to counteract the soul-destroying separateness that he felt had caused the poet's death.

Very early in his own creative life Anderson began to realize his limitations. In the preface to *The Triumph of the Egg* (1921) he wrote: "Tales are people who sit on the doorstep of the house of my mind/It is cold outside and they sit waiting/The tales should be clothed/They are freezing on the doorstep of the house of my mind." And a year later in the preface to *Horses and Men:* "It may be that my eyes are blind and that I cannot see. It may be that I am deaf. . . . With these nervous and uncertain hands may I really feel for the form of things concealed in the darkness?" Then, years afterwards, in his *Memoirs:* "I had written of the period of change. I had been a writer for 20

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years . . . yet . . . all my efforts had been efforts to escape. Time and again I had told the story of the man crushed and puzzled by the age of the machine. I had told the story until I was tired of telling it." Elsewhere he states: "For all my egotism I know I am but a minor figure. . . . Yet I had these men's [Keats, Chekhov, Dostoevsky] devotion in my frame." And in a letter to Van Wyck Brooks: "I am immature, will live and die immature."

Contrast these self-appraisals with Paul Rosenfeld's judgment of Anderson's work: "a miniature universal art—made of music and picture, realism, lyricism, naturalism, the heroic, idyllic, mystical"—and Horace Gregory's more reasoned but unduly high estimate, put forth in his introduction to *The Portable Anderson.* Possibly Rosenfeld was the perfect Anderson reader—consistently understanding more than the writer could say, regularly building a poetic structure on the sketchiest foundations. But for most of us, habitation in Anderson's world for any length of time has a claustrophobic effect.

It is unfortunate, therefore, that the task of culling a selected volume of Anderson's work has fallen into the hands of overardent admirers. Both Rosenfeld and Gregory present too much. Gregory, however, has wisely kept to a minimum selections from work after *Horses and Men* (1922). Most of the best stories are here, with the exception of "Out of Nowhere into Nothing," "Brother Death," "The Untold Lie" and "Sophistication." Probably these were omitted to make room for the presentation of the novel, *Poor White,* in entirety. This is one case where, to my mind, inclusion of only selections from a novel would have been preferable, since the pieces are not organically joined and certain parts are markedly superior to the whole. There would then have been room for a few sketches from *A Story Tellers Story.*

The selections from the letters are revelatory and include some acute observations. In one, to James Boyd, Anderson writes: ". . . It is my notion that we American writers are all of us pretty lousy. Who among us really takes upon his shoulders the responsibility of what you speak of as the business of writing?" (The pertinence of this comment was sharply pointed up recently in an excellent article by Ludwig Lewisohn in which he demonstrates how few, if any, of our writers can be considered "men of letters" in the highest and broadest sense.) It seems unfortunate that none of Anderson's letters to Van Wyck Brooks (originally published in *Story* magazine) are reprinted, since some of them reveal his best aspects, including surprising analytic powers. Gregory's introduction and notes, with some interesting data on Anderson's cultural background, are in the main informative rather than critical.

Some years ago Anderson, participating in a *Partisan Review* symposium, stated in answer to a query: "I am afraid I do not know what you mean by 'usable past'." Here is a further clue to the significance and pathos of his failure. It is not only that he sought so much, but that his failure is so typically the failure of most American writers—artists trying to raise themselves by their emotional bootstraps, without tradition or unaware of an available tradition, without intellect, at odds with their culture and with no effective counterpoise for their alienation. Again and again we see the pattern repeated in our best writers: the initial success, then the absorption in some individual or social morass, and the trickling away of the original creative energy or the confusion of direction and frenzied thrashing about.

It seems strange that a young and expanding frontier nation should early in its literature and art (*e.g.*, Hawthorne, Melville, Twain) have begun to display the qualities of abortiveness, truncation and repression that have marked practically all of its artists since. It is almost as if the Puritan taint on our soil had soon made it a cultural and artistic desert, which the later industrialism transformed into a rank swamp favorable only to the weeds of commerce.

In one of his letters to Brooks, Anderson said, "As for myself, I think there is soil for the raising of crops if the stones be taken away. . . ." Anderson failed to raise any crops in his later years. He disintegrated more and more until, in desperation, he projected his own artistic infirmities onto the medium in which he attempted to work, declaring several years before his death that the written word was no longer a valid medium, the motion picture having supplanted it. Nevertheless, though he is no longer a direct, living influence and seems destined to decline even further in critical esteem as the years pass, Anderson, in the words of Thomas Wolfe, "plowed another deep furrow in the American earth." Perhaps his failure is a necessary milestone on the road toward developing a mature native literature.

SUSPICION

THE BODY, by William Sansom (Harcourt, Brace; $2.75).

AFTER PUBLISHING two volumes of short stories, (*Fireman Flower* and *Three*), William Sansom has written a first novel that seems to me a marked advance in his work.

Henry Bishop, a London shopkeeper, sees a stranger from the boardinghouse next door looking up at his wife's window, and after twenty happy years of married life, suddenly conceives the possibility of her unfaithfulness. Circumstances, of course, assist his suspicions. The stranger is soon the friendly neighbor, Charley Diver, life of the party. Bishop and his wife, the blondined Madge, are drawn into the social habits of the gang next door. This gives unlimited opportunity to Diver who is apparently ready to flirt with Mrs. Bishop. The good-natured Madge seems to reciprocate—at least she laughs at his jokes and isn't above a drink at the neighboring pub. On these appearances, with a little circumstantial evidence of the kind that might hang any honest citizen, this suburban Othello constructs a case for his jealousy that eventually unhinges his dull equanimity and threatens ruin.

Henry Bishop tells the story in his

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own person. "This account is a kind of confessional," he writes, "an attempt to get out onto paper feelings and events which have worried me deeply." In an effort to be objective, he first describes his marriage: "Together we passed what I think is one of the greatest tests of love—we felt a real sensation of tolerance and pleasure when one of us did something against the other's principles." This description, conveyed in homely detail, is the best thing in the book, and against this background of the lovable and the familiar, jealous suspicions take grotesque shape. The material for these suspicions is maddeningly plausible, of course, once the diseased mind has determined to interpret appearances. The possibly sinister overtones to innocent talk, for example, are delicately, even humorously, suggested. We see how the mind positively *invents* evidence by a kind of logic that is the reverse of reason. Bishop plans to go away to give his wife a chance to compromise herself, and when she readily agrees to his going (because he has told her that the trip is on important business) he concludes she is eager to be rid of him.

But the emphasis of the book isn't on mere coincidence and misunderstanding; it studies suspicion as a complex of the guilt in the narrator himself. After the first shock, "I began to enjoy the feeling of being the deceived, the unwanted, the injured." On several occasions he avoids a clearer understanding—the last thing he wanted was to have it out with his wife, for that "involved a surrender of the situation: I was hurt, yet somehow I was delighted in this, I had an absorbing infirmity." As the last turn of the screw, he devised means to ennoble himself by his wife's guilt: he would cultivate Diver as his intimate friend. "This was to drink the cup dry, to be deceived by one's best friend, it put one somehow more in the right."

A possible weakness in the book is that the wife is too obviously innocent, and thus the story is completely one of delusion—a delusion the reader never shares and which is only a memory for the subject himself as the story is a recapitulation of that error. In consequence, a certain suspense is lost, and the secondary characters who might have arrested one's expectant attention lose much of their importance as they go about their innocent affairs. So the story somewhat shrinks; it doesn't stretch the length of the book. But the difference is almost made up by several of Sansom's peculiar touches —the vulgar life of the boardinghouse crew, the shabby gentility of the neighborhood, a drinking party in a riverside pub—conveyed with a merciless faithfulness to detail but with such a sensitivity to the life in them they seem illuminated by a poignant ordinariness.

JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: The Director's Job, No. II

"MONTSERRAT," the French play I directed for the Habimah Theatre, deals with the problem of choosing a way of life, which, in terms of the play's plot, becomes a way of death. The author suggests that ultimately one's choice is never between something pleasant called "life" and something horrid called "death," but that since death is imminent within life, all choices involve a tragic responsibility.

This abstract statement is made here to indicate only one thing: the play, though brutally dramatic, is a philosophical and not a political play. While his story is of an incident in the period of Bolivar's rebellion against the Spanish (Venezuela, 1812), the playwright's emphasis is general rather than particular. The play has a classic mold; it represents a contemporary effort to grapple with universals.

After what may be called the private work on the script, I began conferences with the scene designer. The play's locale offers the designer ample opportunity to make his setting a riot of Spanish and Italian motifs. Since I was seeking a "classic" style for the play, my first instructions to the designer emphasized that local color would have to be made entirely subsidiary to the structural elements of the setting, so that the characters, each one of whom represents a different approach to life as projected in the dramatist's philosophic scheme, would stand out beyond the accidents of their environment.

Casting a play is a function of its interpretation. The playwright speaks of a young Montserrat, and he is right. The only young man available in the Habimah company has a certain effective theatricality but not sufficient sincerity to carry conviction in a role which demands a person who, without being a fanatic, must seem a man of intense faith. I had to choose between two attributes of the part and, in this case, I sacrificed the outer feature (youth) in favor of the inner quality. The Spaniards were cast with elegant and powerfully built men; the natives, except for the "collaborationist" merchant, with rather spare and not especially attractive people.

It is comparatively easy to discuss scenery or to define certain principles of casting, but the main job of directing, which consists of building scene after scene according to a play's main line and making each character contribute to its meaning and mood, is almost impossible to transcribe on paper. The director's essential work is to set down the "notes"—the moment-to-moment inner and outer action which each actor is to play. This is the theatre's most intimate and mysterious process. For it is not a matter of *telling* the actor what to do or even of explaining the playwright's and director's intention, but of both firing the actor's imagination and placing it on the right track so that the actor can proceed to the desired destination with an impulse that is as much his own as that of the author's mind and the director's will. Different directors use

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different methods to bring about that inspired moment when the unity we behold is actually the fruit of a triple generation—the dramatist's text, the director's spirit, the actor's being.

That is what happens, but that is not what the director does. He builds characters through and with his actors. He finds a main line of action for each character which fits into the play's main action. In "Montserrat" each character has knowingly or unknowingly made a choice—which is the chief motive of his behavior and often even a clue to his personal appearance. The merchant, for example, is primarily moved by his desire to hold on to his possessions. (For the actor this motivation is best stated in terms of an active verb.) The merchant believes his most valued possessions to consist of his material goods and his wife. We find out in the course of the play that the thing he values most is himself. Through the understanding and *embodiment* of the merchant's main line of action we create his posture, his gestures, his physical life and, with them, the visible story of his psychological decline which is directly related to the main action and the dramatist's purpose.

Nothing has been said about the smooth management or placement of figures, the making of fine stage pictures, movement and pace. None of these things exists apart from the meaning of the play's essential action. An unsatisfactory pace is merely a symptom that the director has missed some element of the play's inner structure. The slowness of pace in the Danish film, "Day of Wrath," is part of its artistic meaning. To say that the film is tedious because of its slowness means either that one has misunderstood its substance or that one has become too neurotic to be relaxed except when one is carried only by speed. Stage direction is to be judged as art or not at all. HAROLD CLURMAN

Note: Mr. Clurman's production of "Montserrat" opened at the Habimah Theatre, Tel Aviv, on July 4th, 1949.

ON THE AIR: Scholars and Slide Rules

NINE COLLEGES and universities offer special radio courses for students in training for the ministry; 46 grant a bachelor's or master's degree in radio. "The Directory of Colleges Offering Courses in Radio and Television," issued by the Radio Education Committee of the US Office of Education, lists 410 radio-TV courses. There are a total of 218 radio workshops; only one television workshop.

Clearly, the academic world is awake to the importance of the air, but that 218-to-one ratio cited above is not going to please Commander Mortimer W. Loewi, director of the Du Mont Television Network.

Loewi, a gentleman interested in analysis of Hooperatings, has decided that radio is a dead duck. He studies figures showing the number of people grouped around radio sets compared with those whose eyes are glued to the TV screen; he is a watchdog of the Top Ten programs and the Top Ten markets. Loewi has declared that the aural jig will be up in New York by next October, in the next ten Top Markets eight months later.

The ABC network, also axle-deep in TV, has another story to tell. Interested, perhaps, in protecting its radio position, ABC has marshaled figures to prove that radio-set ownership increased by 1.6 million in 1948. That was TV's big year and during it 975,000 homes added television sets. ABC concedes that there will be a total of 6 million homes equipped with TV by 1951 but its figures also predict that there still will be 34,960,000 homes wired for radio only.

Meanwhile, current figures from the Broadcast Management Bureau (an industry coöperative) show that 94.2 percent of the families in the United States enjoy at least one radio in good working condition. How many radios

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are there? ABC says the total is 78,829,400, including portables and those in homes, public places and automobiles. Do those figures satisfy everyone that radio is a tool for *mass* communication?

Harold E. Briggs, an associate professor at the University of Southern California, has compiled a superb textbook to illustrate for freshmen enrolled in the English program the real scope today of the term "communication." The book, *Language . . . Man . . . Society* (Rinehart; $3.50), is subtitled "Readings in Communication" and is "concerned not only with language, which is the chief means of communications, but with the formation of ideals."

The readings gravely consider the infant's first yell, radio's brash yawp, the newspaper's selective half-truth and the film's cheap thrill. Examples are given of communication through the fine arts, the sciences, law, politics, philosophy and the involutions of semanticists. Included are David E. Lilienthal's moving credo of an American, the full text of Archibald MacLeish's "The Fall of the City," a pair of A. J. Liebling's press criticisms from the *New Yorker*, and many other examples of prose and verse which show how the communicative tools have been "wielded by people."

But if the academicians understand the importance of radio and television, the public still doesn't care. The last (Summer, 1949) issue of the *Public Opinion Quarterly* includes two articles studying aspects of broadcasting. One of the studies, "Some Observations on the Social Effects of Television," is the result of a survey conducted a year ago as part of a continuing project set up by CBS and Rutgers University. It analyzes the composition of the television audience in an Eastern city of 35,000 population, reports on TV's impact on radio listening and other leisure-time activities (reading, movies, sports), and attempts to gauge TV's effects on family solidarity and social relations. TV people read less, visit less, listen to less radio, go to fewer movies. Those who have owned a television set for more than six months tend to resume some, but not all, of their previous living habits.

Loewi won't like that. Nor will his salesmen be pleased by CBS' director of research, Oscar Katz, who admits that television research is as yet "neither stable nor mature." Like TV itself, research in the field is seen by Katz as "young, fluid, unpredictable." But of course you can't base a soap campaign on imponderables, so Katz must be wrong.

There is nothing unsure about the third annual *Radio Listener Survey* compiled by H. J. Skornia, director of radio at the University of Indiana. His figures, from surveys made by 60 radio students in 40 towns and cities (including one in Canada), show that 61.6 percent of listeners find some radio commercials "enjoyable"; 13.2 percent have refused to buy products plugged by commercials they consider "bad"; 13.1 percent have written to stations or sponsors about programs. The vast majority (87.7 percent) feel that radio is fair in its presentation of news, 75.9 percent are satisfied with the amount of local news given them, and 55.6 percent "get more news from radio than from newspapers." (What do they read?)

News by Radio, by Mitchell V. Charnley (Macmillan; $4), although intended as a textbook for courses in radio journalism, is filled with excellent material about the history and development of broadcasting in this country. And it has some cogent things to say about journalism as it is practised on the air. For instance:

> Radio has yet to produce a John Peter Zenger, Horace Greeley or Joseph Pulitzer. . . . The development of local news-gathering and broadcasting, in spite of recent advances, is still in swaddling clothes. Few steps toward making radio a vigorous champion of the public weal have been taken.

Charnley teaches at the University of Minnesota—a world away from Skornia's complacement respondents.

SAUL CARSON

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MOVIES: Cry Wolf

THE GOOD PICTURES lately have been the ones like "Lost Boundaries" that told a story to point a moral; "The Window," a suspense thriller, seeks modestly to entertain. Tommy Woodry, a boy of ten, is a great spinner of yarns; they break the tedium of a tenement summer but they also win him a name as a shocking liar. So when Tommy looks through the chink in a shade one night and sees a murder, no one will believe him. No one, that is, except the murderers.

The excellence of this picture derives in part from the steel-thread tension of the plot (from a Cornell Woolrich short story), in part from the honest and uneccentric acting of the cast and the clean, observant direction by Ted Tetzlaff. No money has been wasted on "The Window" and therefore it looks wonderfully trim and effective in the bloated company of Hollywood's "major efforts."

The cast is small—Barbara Hale and Arthur Kennedy as Tommy's parents, Paul Stewart and Ruth Roman as the couple whose badger game leads to murder, Bobby Driscoll as Tommy. Only Driscoll is a star, but in this project they are all fine actors, ably handled. Tommy's parents are portrayed compassionately as doing the best they possibly can with what they have and what they know; Stewart and Miss Roman, who must play parts within parts, shift back and forth with a casual, unexaggerated ease. They succeed at the familiar but difficult trick of heightening terror by making it commonplace. Driscoll, on loan from Walt Disney, appears at last as a professional actor instead of a juvenile prodigy; it is too bad that he must go back to the candy factory.

At the end, "The Window" falls into a Harold Lloyd house of mechanical thrills that distracts attention from the real horror, but except for those last few minutes it is a combination of the ingenious narration and decent craftsmanship that succeeds every time Hollywood thinks to employ it.

The plot of "Rope of Sand" can be accurately predicted from the cast. A picture that features Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre and Sam Jaffe cannot fail to be a melodrama of corruption and violent passions. Only the local color gives this picture such individuality as it has; it is set on an African diamond reservation, a community that differs in few respects from a concentration camp.

Lancaster is a nice young American who reacts violently to being pushed around; Henreid plays the S.S. commandant with riding crop (he collects antiques); Rains, representing the board of directors, is troubled by a girlish giggle; Lorre peddles corruption in Confucian aphorisms; Jaffe, poor fellow, is still suffering from dipsomania. The desert scenery and the bright African moonlight produce some pleasant camera landscapes and red blood triumphs over cold avarice at the end of an active and sanguinary narrative.

The British diamond trust was caught napping when this picture was scheduled. It could swing the baubles market over to rubies and pearls.

At the end of the first half-hour of "Mighty Joe Young," a double-life-size clockwork gorilla was prancing about in front of an African cyclorama in the throes of a hellish impasse. This dilemma is posed by his desire, on the one hand, to wipe out a posse of rodeo cowboys who had attempted to rope him, and his love, on the other, for an imperious young lady who soothes him with whistled lullabies. Joe, the mechanical monster, was not very convincing (sort of jerky and top-heavy like a teddy bear), but he was so much more adroit than the rest of the cast that the issue was still in doubt when I left.

ROBERT HATCH

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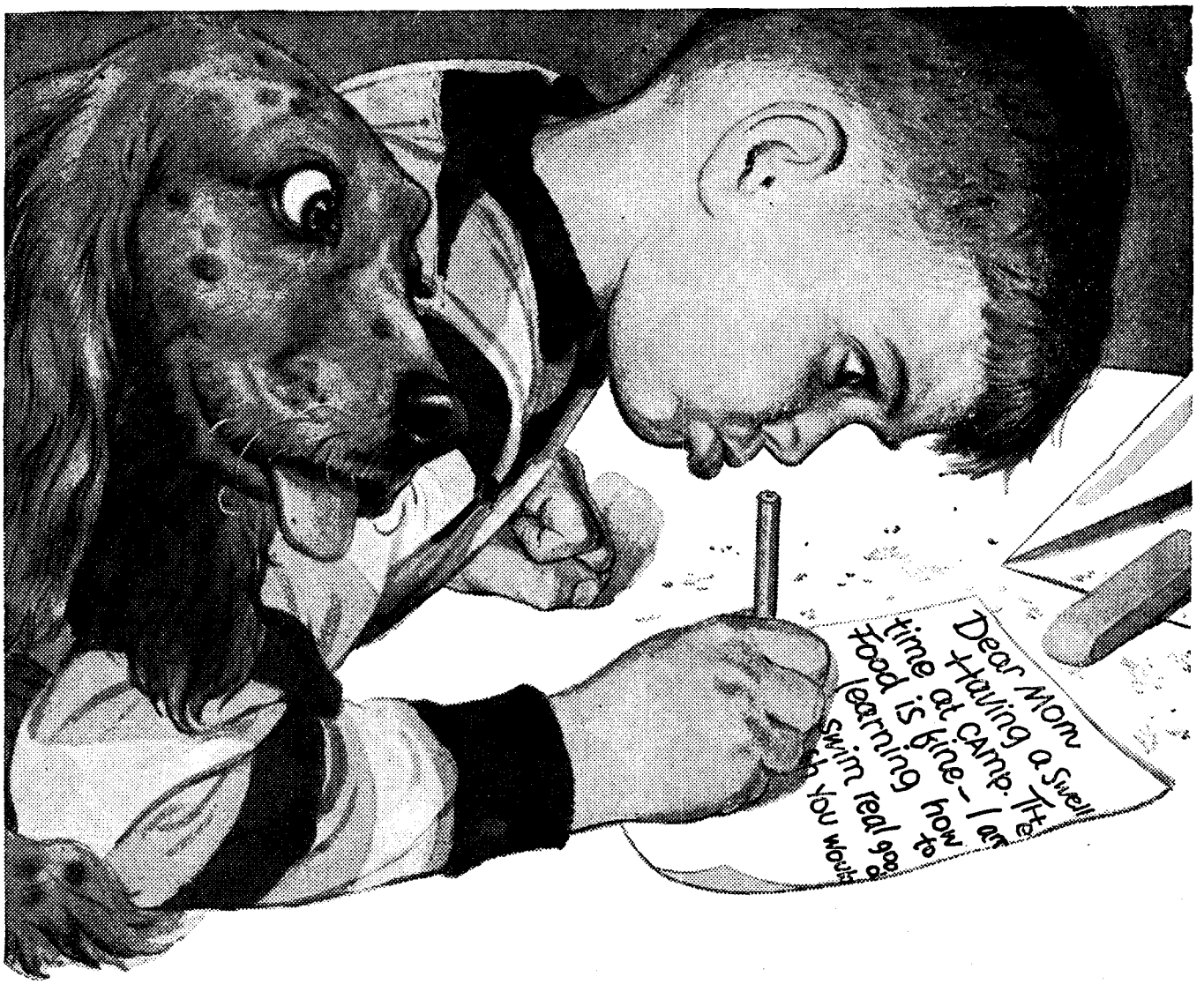

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